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# EAT, SLEEP, AND MATRICULATE

The trouble with early morning classes is that you're too sleepy. At late morning classes you're too hungry. At early afternoon classes you're too lousy. At late afternoon classes you're too hungry again. The fact is—and we might as well face it—there is no good time of day to take a class.

What shall we do then? Abandon our colleges to the ivy? I say no! I say America did not become the hope of mankind and the world's largest producer of butterfat and tallow by running away from a fight!

If you're always too hungry or too sleepy for class, then let's hold classes when you're not too hungry or sleepy; namely, when you're eating or sleeping.

Class is while eating and a simple matter. Just have a lecturer lecture while the eaters eat. But watch out for noisy food. I mean who can hear a lecturer lecture when everybody is crunching celery or mastic or like that? Serve quiet stuff—like anchovy paste on a doughnut, or steaming bowls of lamb fat.

And kindly observe silence while lighting your post-prandial Marlboro Cigarette. Don't be striking kitchen matches on your jeans. Instead carry an ember from the dormitory fireplace in your purse or pocket. Place the Marlboro against the ember. Light it quietly. Smoke it quietly. Oh, I know I ask a great deal! I know that one's natural instinct upon encountering Marlboro's fine flavor and filter is to throw back one's head and bellow great, roiling cries of joy. But you must not. You must contain your ecstasy, lest you disturb the lecturing lecturer. You can, if you like, permit yourself a few small shudders of pleasure as you smoke, but take care not to wear garments which will set up a clatter when you shudder—like taffeta, for example, or knee cymbals.

Let us turn now to the problem of

learning while sleeping. First, can it be done?

Yes, it can. Psychologists have proved that the brain is definitely able to assimilate information during sleep. Take, for instance, a recent experiment conducted by a leading Eastern university (Stanford). A small tape recorder was placed under the pillow of the subject, a freshman named Glebe Sigafusa. When Glebe was fast asleep, the recorder was turned on. Softly, all through the night, it reported three statements in Glebe's shamboling ear:

1. Herbert Spencer lived to the age of 109 and is called "The Founder of English Eclectic Philosophy."

2. The banana plant is not a tree but a large perennial herb.

3. The Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated in 1914 at Sarajevo by a young nationalist named Mijla Cvetnic, who has been called "The Trigger of World



War I."

When Glebe awoke in the morning, the psychologists said to him, "Herbert Spencer lived to the age of 109. What is he called?"

Glebe promptly replied, "Perennial Herb."

Next they asked him, "What has Mijla Cvetnic been called?"

Replied Glebe, "Perennial Herb."

Finally they said, "Is the banana plant a tree?"

But Glebe, exhausted from the long interrogation, had fallen back asleep, where he is to this day.

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Glebe sleeps, but you, we trust, are up and about. Why not improve each waking hour with our fine product—Marlboro Cigarettes? You get a lot to like—filter, flavor, pack or box.